A

SUPPLEMENT

TO THE

PROFUND.

CONTAINING

Several EXAMPLES, very proper to Illuſtrate the Rules laid down in a late Treatiſe, called The *Art of Sinking in* POETRY.

Extracted from the Poetical Works of the ingenious Authors of that accurate Piece, and publiſhed for the Uſe of their Admirers.

In TWO LETTERS to a FRIEND.

De PROFUNDIS *Clamavi.* Popiſh Pſalm.

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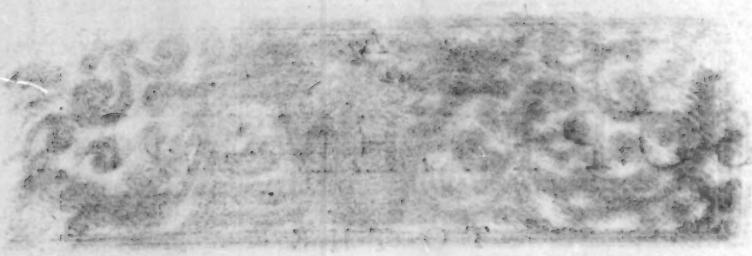

THE PREFACE.

THE Reader will find in the following Letters, very little of the Spleen and Scurrility, which fills up the Writings of both Parties in the preſent Controverſy; they contain nothing Perſonal, either with reſpect to the Form, the Fortune, or the Morals of Men; they are intended only to expoſe apparent Dullneſs in ſome celebrated Writings, by a Method which the Authors of thoſe Writings had help'd the World to.

——Nec Lex eſt æquior ulla
Quam necis Artifices, Arte perire ſua.
Ovid.

It is hoped, that we have entred upon no other Perſon's Province in this ſort of Criticiſm: The Author has been very careful to avoid Remarks that have been made before, though ever ſo pertinent to the preſent Deſign. Mr. Dennis, *at leaſt to the beſt of our Knowledge and Memory, is left in full and free Poſſeſſion of all his Obſervations upon the Works of Mr.* Pope, *not one of them being wittingly inſerted here; nor have we intruded more upon the Author of the* Twickenham Auction; *we have rejected great Numbers of the* Curioſities *he deals in, becauſe we would not interfere with his Buſineſs; it being our Opinion, that there is in the preſent Subject, fair Room for Induſtry, and that no Body need be reduced to the Neceſſity of being an Interloper.*

We are ſorry for an Anſwer we muſt be obliged to make to ſeveral Objections which may ariſe againſt this Performance; that is, every Objector muſt be deſired to compare it with the Profund *upon every Occaſion: We inſiſt upon its being leſs in the Cavilling way, full as Impartial, and vaſtly more Honeſt in the Citations, than that Treatiſe is; it muſt be*

be allowed, that as that is a bad Example, all Excuſes drawn from it, partake of its Qualities. Perhaps we deſerve no Pardon for this ill-natur'd Task; but ſure they deſerve no Pity that ſuffer. We own, it's a cruel Way of Criticiſing, and we confeſs our Opinion, That Swift *and* Pope *are the only two Authors in* England, *who have deſerved that their Works ſhould ſtand an Examination.*

Nulli Nocendum, ſi quis vero læſerit,
Multandum ſimili jure *Fabellat monet.*

Phædrus.

One Word more; Let it not be objected, that the Tranſlator of Homer *is not accountable for the Meanneſſes of his Work, which perhaps, ſays a Friend, are owing to the Original: It is demonſtrable to all Readers of the* Greek, *that this Poet has ſtuck ſo little to the Original, as to give Occaſion to have his Knowledge of it call'd in Queſtion; and he and his Admirers ſeem to lay the whole Streſs of his Merit upon the* fine Verſes *of the Tranſlation, not upon the Truth or Exactneſs of it. This, therefore, as far as it concerns that Work, is a Criticiſm to the meer* Engliſh *Readers,*

Readers, who ſeem to be his beſt Friends: The Literati, *are generally agreed about the Merit of the Tranſlator: This is to diſplay his Talents as a Poet; to the great Surprize, I foreſee, of ſome, the Satisfaction of others, and the Diſpleaſure of a few obſtinate Bigots, who, having firſt liked odd Things, without Reaſons, are reſolved never to diſlike them for any.*

LET-

LETTER I.

SIR,

THE ingenious Authors of the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*, lately publiſh'd, ſeem to me to affect the Characteriſtick of great Wits, *a ſhort Memory*, ſomewhat too much: It is owing to this Affectation, as well as to an overweening Opinion of their own Parts; that in ſeveral Places of this great Work, where the Subject ſeems to require it, they either give Examples of the *Profund*, from exploded Authors, forge others out of their own Imagination for the Purpoſe, or by citing none, leave their Rules intirely without Illuſtration.

My Purpoſe, therefore, is in this and another Letter, to make a neceſſary Supplement to that ſtupendous Treatiſe, by giving proper Examples of every kind of Style and Figure, which are the Ornaments of the *Profund*; and thoſe I intend to draw, not like our Authors, from old, unknown, and damn'd Writers; but from Moderns of *their* Acquaintance, whoſe Works

they have prais'd and approved, whoſe Writings paſs for *Highland* Productions, and as yet have only *deſerved* Damnation.

The different Styles ſhall be the preſent Subject (the *Figures* will keep *cold* for my next) and becauſe I think our Authors have not rightly diſtinguiſh'd Styles from Figures, I will range them in the following Order.

The *Vulgar*, the *Infantine*, the *Expletive*, the *Florid*, the *Pert*, the *A-la-mode*, the *Prurient*, and the *Cumbrous* or *Buskin* Styles.

And firſt of the *VULGAR*.

This is, where the Writer, inſtead of elevating Poetry above the ordinary Converſation of the *Gens d'Eſprit*, ſinks it down to the *Chat* of Nurſes, Midwives and Goſſips, by an inelegant Choice of common Words and paltry Phraſes. For Example,

——— *It* matters *not*,
To whom related, *or by whom* begot.
Pope's Miſ. pub. by *Lint.*

And this, the beſt Praiſe which *Homer* ever received, (if you believe the ſame Author)

Read Homer *once, and you can read no more,*
For all Things elſe appear ſo mean and poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe; yet often on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.
Pref. to *Hom.*

Or

Or thus,

Medon *and* Jaſus, Æneas *ſped.* 15th Iliad.

Inuendo, kill'd.

—— Could our Swiftneſs over Winds prevail,
Or beat *the Pinions of the weſtern Gale.*
19th Iliad.

One cannot ſufficiently admire the Profundity of the Monoſyllable *beat*, in this Place, a paltry Dabbler in the Sublime, would have thought of *vanquiſh* or *outſtrip*, or any thing but *beat*, in the Converſation of Heroes.

This Style may be divided into the *Flat*, the *Mean*, the *Low*, and the *Inſipid*, yet theſe Examples are ſufficient to illuſtrate them *all*.

2. The *INFANTINE.*

This is (ſay our Authors) *when a Poet grows ſo very ſimple, as to think and talk like a Child*; the Book to which the Diſcourſe is prefix'd, affords us the following Inſtances;

Miſs Betty *when ſhe does a Fault*,
Lets fall her Knife, *or* ſpills the Salt,
Will thus be by her Mother chid,
'Tis what *Vaneſſa* never did.
Caden. *and* Vaneſſa.

This is ſuch ingenious Prittle-Prattle, that the Author of it ſeems to be as hopeful an Infant as his own *Vaneſſa*.

Again, the ſame Book.

She made a Song, how little Miſs
Was kiſs'd and ſlobber'd *by a Lad:*
And how, when Maſter went to *p*——
Miſs *came, and* peep'd at all he had.
3d *Miſc.* p. 227.

Though this laſt is not without a little Daſh of the *Prurient* to enliven it.

3d. The *EXPLETIVE.*

The Beauty of this Style, according to our Authors, conſiſts chiefly in the Choice of the Epithets. I don't very well conceive any material Difference between it, and an Ornament of Speech, call'd *Tautology*. You won't be offended, if what I throw at preſent under this Head, ſhould happen to be Examples of both; if any other ſhould hereafter occur to me, you may expect them, when I ſhall more particularly treat of the Figures.

The Authors are forced to coin Examples of this, as appears by their quoting no Authors Names to the Verſes they produce? How much better is the following than any of the Lines they give us?

——*With*

——*With* both *his* Hands *he* clung,
And ſtuck adherent, *and* ſuſpended hung.
5th Odyſſey.

That is he ſtuck *ſticking*, and hung *hanging*. The *Homer* of the *Bathos*, as thoſe Gentlemen call him, is excell'd here, as will appear to you from a Compariſon between the foregoing and a Line of his *Alfred*, perhaps the moſt profund in all his Works.

The ſtagnant *Air* unventilated *ſtood.*

The following will ſerve very well, not only for the preſent Purpoſe; but as an Example of the *Tautology*, the *Macrology* and *Pleonaſm*, and ſeveral others.

----- *The purple Hand of Death*
Clos'd his dim Eyes, and Fate ſuppreſs'd his Breath. 5th Iliad.

Moſt admirable! Profund indeed! *Fate kills* a Man, whom *Death* had *diſpatch'd* before: perhaps it may be objected, that the Thought ſeems borrowed from *Falſtaff*'s killing *Piercy*, whom the Prince had before put to Death; but this is no Fault: Mr. *P.* has not publiſh'd *Shakeſpeare* for nothing. This is the Advantage of reading much.

In the former Example, *Fate* play'd a Trick upon *Death*; in the following, Death comes up with him.

For he no more muſt draw his Country's Breath,
Already ſnatch'd by Fate, *and the black* Doom *of*
Death. 3d Odyſſey.

Notwithſtanding the Tautology of this be apparent enough, yet I am afraid the Abuſe of another Figure is the moſt profund Part of it: To be *ſnatch'd by a Doom*, is a hard Caſe; but to be ſnatch'd by a *black* Doom, is really lamentable.

Spent and *o'erpower'd* he *barely* breathes, *at moſt*.
16th Iliad.

Here's Expletive and Tautology in Perfection, the *Engliſh* of it is, the Man was out of Breath; but it would not be true Profund, if he was not firſt *ſpent*, then *o'erpower'd*, then breath'd *barely*, then breath'd *at moſt*: This Verſe ſhews the Uſe of Rhime to the Profund: If the Gingle of the preceding Line had not abſolutely demanded it, perhaps Poſterity had been depriv'd of thoſe elegant Expletives, *at moſt*.

4. The *FLORID*.

This Style, ſay our Authors, is mightily adapted to the *Bathos*; let us ſee how their Practice and Precepts agree.

Like

Like yearly Leaves that now with Beauty crown'd
Smile on the Sun. Iliad. 21.

You may remember Mr. *Crown*'s Thought of *Waves* that *ſmil'd gently on the riſing Sun*; and compare it with our Authors. My Lord *Rocheſter*'s Remark upon it, is Droll enough:

Waves ſmiling on the Sun, *I'm ſure that's new,*
And 'twas well thought on, give the Devil his due.

Let us obſerve how nobly a Belt is compar'd to the Zodiac, in the following Lines.

Emblaz'd with Studs of Gold, his Fauchion ſhon
In the rich Belt, as in the ſtarry Zone. Iliad. 16.

Nor are the following leſs *Florid.*

The Waves of People *at his Word divide,*
Slow rolls the Chariot thro' the following Tide.
Iliad. 24.

But the *Florid* and the *Unmeaning* were never more happily united, than in the enſuing Lines.

Tho' Jove *himſelf no leſs content would be*
To part his Throne, and ſhare his Heav'n with thee;

Yet

Yet ſtay, great Cæſar! *and vouchſafe to reign*
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the watry Main;
Reſign *to* Jove *his Empire of the Skies,*
And people Heav'n *with* Roman *Deities.*
Pope's Statius.

Quere. How far his *Reſignation* of it will contribute to his *Peopling* the *Empire* of Heaven with *Roman* Gods?

5. The *Pert STYLE.*

This Style (ſay our Authors) *does in as peculiar a Manner, become the low in Wit, as a pert Air does the low in Stature.* And again, *the Beauty and Energy of it is never ſo Conſpicuous, as when it is employ'd in* modernizing *and* adapting *to the* Taſte of the Times, *the Works of the Ancients. This we rightly phraſe* doing *them* into Engliſh, *and* making *them* Engliſh; *two Expreſſions of great Propriety, the one denoting our Neglect of the Manner* how, *the other of the Force and Compulſion with which it is brought about. It is by Virtue of this Style, that* Tacitus *talks like a* Coffee-houſe Politician; Joſephus, *like the* Britiſh Gazetteer; Tully *is as ſhort and ſmart as* Seneca, *or Mr.* Aſgil: Marcus Aurelius *is excellent at* Snip ſnap; *and honeſt* Thomas à Kempis, *as* Prim *and* Polite *as any Preacher at Court.* Thus far, ſay our Authors; but the following Inſtances of this kind of Style, will, if

if I miſtake not, ſhew *Homer* as Finical and Affected, as a half-bred Beauty.

No hand ſo ſure *of all the* Emathian *Line*,
Or if a ſurer, *great* Patroclus *thine*. Iliad 16.

Nor muſt indulge with vain Diſcourſe, or long,
The windy Satisfaction *of the* Tongue.
Odyſſ. 4.

But I to Pylos ſcud *before the Gales* Odyſſ. 3.

To Fame *I ſent him to acquire* Renown.
Odyſſ. 13.

——Ulyſſes ſpoke,
In meer Neceſſity of Coat and Cloak. Odyſſ. 14.

Obſerve what a Pertneſs ſupports the Flatneſs of the Words in the laſt of the following Lines.

Mean time their Licence uncontroll'd I bear
Ev'n now they envy me the vital Air;
But Heav'n will ſure revenge, and Gods there are.
Odyſſey 16.

Theſe Lines are ſo ſwell'd, that they look as if they had ſome Meaning; but their Pertneſs is their chief Beauty, and is a full Recompence for the Abſence of Thought, Elegance and Energy.

His ſhaggy Cloak, *a* Mountain Goat *ſupply'd.*
Odyſſ. 14.

The Pertneſs of this Line, is not much inferior to the famous Verſes of *Ned Howard's.*

A painted Veſt Prince Voltiger *had on,*
Which from a naked Pict *his Grandſire wone.*

Writers of more Flegm would in both theſe Caſes, have minutely deſcribed, how the *Goat* and the *Pict* could ſupply *Cloaks* and *Veſts*, and would have told us, they had been Flead for the Purpoſe: But 'tis the Advantage of a lively Imagination, to throw more Ideas into fewer Words than others can either expreſs or underſtand.

If *Homer* can be render'd thus pertly, what can't the Tranſlator do upon his own Bottom? Let us examine a little.

To tell them would a Hundred Tongues require,
Or one vain Wit's, that might a Hundred tire.
Eſſ. on *Crit.*

Prettily and pertly ſaid, yet as incomprehenſible as if it had drop'd from the Clouds: *To tell them would require a hundred Tongues, or the Tongue of a Wit that would tire a Hundred others.* I have often thought, that one pert Fellow's Tongue might tire a hundred

Pair of attending Ears; but I never conceived it could communicate any Laſſitude to the Tongues of the By ſtanders before: A courteous Reader whom I mentioned this to, ſays, That the Poet meant only, that one Tongue might out-talk a Hundred: Is it ſo indeed? why the Devil then did he not ſay ſo?

There are whom Heav'n has bleſt with ſtore of Wit,
Yet want as much again *to manage* it,
For Wit and Judgment ever are at Strife, &c.

Wit to manage *Wit*, is full as good as one Tongue's tiring another: Any one may perceive that the Writer meant *Judgment* ſhould manage *Wit*; but as it ſtands, it's *Pert*, and that's to be preferr'd to all other Conſiderations.

I believe it's impoſſible to give a better Notion of the Profundity of this Couplet, than by comparing it to a Diſtich of *Ned Ward*'s, upon a ſimilar Subject.

Strange that a Man ſo famous *for his* Wit,
Should make his Friends his Foes for want of it.

i. e. For want of Judgment to govern and direct it.

6. The *A-la-mode* STYLE,

Fine, as the Authors call it, by being *New*; is, when a Poet puts down for pretty Conceits, Things which have no Foundation in Truth or Nature; but expects the Gingle of Verſe ſhall carry them ſafely through the Obſervations of gentle Readers. For Example,

Heav'n is feaſting on the World's green End.
Iliad. 23.

The *World's End* is comical, but the *World's green End*, is highly pleaſant and proper.

So when the Nightingale to Reſt removes,
The Thruſh may chant to the forſaken Groves;
But charm'd to Silence, liſtens while ſhe Sings,
And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings.
Pope's Paſt.

The Agreement between the Thruſh and Nightingale, to ſing by turns, is an ingenious Thought. The *clapping of Wings, by way of Applauſe*, is borrowed from the Play-houſe, and therefore very fit for Paſtoral; but the beſt Conceit of all, is, that the poor Birds ſhould *clap their Wings* at the Voice of the Nightingale, whoſe Time of ſinging is, when all the reſt are aſleep.

The

The Poet, in the above Lines, ſuppoſes all the Aerial Audience ſilent, when the Nightingale ſings; in the following, wherein he deſcribes the Morning, he makes the Linnet and Nightingale ſing together, at an Hour when 'tis generally thought the latter is aſleep.

Why ſit we mute, when early Linnets *ſing,*
When warbling Philomel *ſalutes the Spring.*
Pope's Paſt.

Not to mention the Propriety of making an *Engliſh* Clown call a well-known Bird by a claſſical Name.

In the two following Inſtances, the Poet plays pretty Tricks with the Word *Ivy*. The firſt is a dedicatory Couplet.

Accept, O Garth, *the Muſe's early Lays,*
That adds this Wreath of Ivy *to thy Bays.*
Pope's Paſt.

Here *Ivy* is made the Patron's Crown.

Immortal Vida! *on whoſe honour'd Brow,*
The Poets Bays, and Criticks Ivy *grow.*
Eſſay *on* Crit.

Here it becomes the Criticks; in both equally New and Bold; the Ancients always gave Ivy to the Poets, as may appear from numberleſs Places in the Claſſicks; nor was it ever apply'd

to

to Patrons or Criticks, in Contradiſtinction to Poets, by any but this ingenious Author.

There died the beſt of Paſſions, Love *and* Fame.
Eloiſa *to* Abel.

Exceedingly A-la-mode! Fame a *Paſſion*, good! *The beſt of Paſſions*, better. Both *Love* and *Fame* the *beſt of Paſſions*, beſt of all! This is the Way to be pathetick, ſurprizing, admirable and unintelligible, which laſt is the *beſt* and ſafeſt of Qualities in a Poet of this Stamp.

But what follows, exceeds every thing that was performed in this Way; it is to be found in p. 307 of the Book to which the Diſcourſe is prefix'd.

For ſuch a Fool was never found,
Who pull'd a Palace to the Ground,
Only to have the Ruins *made*
Materials *for a* Houſe decay'd.

That is, no Body ever pull'd down a Palace to build an *old Houſe* with the Stones of it; an excellent Diſcovery! *Building a decay'd Houſe*, is no where to be match'd, but in the Story of a Gentleman, who being asked his Opinion of the Site and Proſpect of a Friend's Houſe, anſwered, *That nothing could poſſibly add to the Perfection of either, but building an* OLD *Caſtle, to terminate the View.*

7. The

7. The *PRURIENT.*

In which is included the *Finical*; for Examples of the meer Finical, I muſt refer you to ſeveral Lines cited under the foregoing Heads; for the *Prurient* and *Finical* together, take the Deſcription of Caſtration in *Eloiſa*'s Epiſtle to *Abelard.*

Cut from the Root, *my periſh'd Joys I ſee,*
And Love's warm Tide *for ever ſtop'd in thee.*

The Miſcellany ſo often quoted, affords the following Examples, and abundance more of the groſs, rank, prurient Style.

Women tho' not ſans Leacherie,
Ne ſwinken *but with Secrecie.* p. 44.

The Ducke ſore tickleth his Erſe Roote. p. 45.

Bette is to pine on Coals and Chalke,
Than truſt on Mon whoſe Yerde *can talke.* p. 45.

Maids turn Bottles, call aloud for Corks.
Rape of the Lock.

Deſcription of Children.

Some Play, ſome Eat, ſome Cack *againſt the Wall.* Miſc. p. 46.

A Woman's Breasts. thighs

Now her Fore-buttocks *to the Navel bare,*

p. 137.

The Way to keep a Woman Constant.

Shep. *How shall I do, never to part asunder.*

Echo. a——se under, p. 281.

I have avoided giving any Description in Prose, of the prurient Style, because one of these Authors has done something so well in Verse, that it will, at once, serve both for a Description and Illustration of his own Rules.

She scratched, bit, and spar'd nor Lace nor Band,
And Bitch *and* Rogue *her Answer was at all;*
Nay, ev'n the Parts of Shame, *by Name would call,*
When e'er she passed by or Lane or Nook,
Would greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his Hand obscene *the Porter took,*
Nor ever did askance, like modest Virgin look.

p. 49.

8. The *Cumbrous* or *Buskin STYLE.*

A little Sense moving, heavily, under a Load of Metaphors, and trailing after it a Weight of Words, is the true Definition of this Style.

The

The Authors have cited many Examples of it, which are only Mockeries of their own Invention; be pleas'd to accept a few which are Genuine.

So plain a Thing as (*they were deſtroyed*) is thus pompouſly expreſs'd.

——*The Gods theſe Objects of their Hate*
Drag'd *to Deſtruction by the* Links *of* Fate.
3d Odyſſey.

Again, the ſame Book. *Wine juſt drawn*, is moſt heroically deſcribed in the following Rant.

——— *the roſy Wine*
Late from the mellowing Cask, reſtor'd to Light.

Though there be but few of theſe, I hope you will allow them to be good in their Kind; eſpecially when you remember that our Authors produce but one which is a real Inſtance, and that not half ſo ſtrong as either of ours.

At the beginning of the Chapter of Figures, our Authors make two or three general Obſervations upon the Abuſe of Speech, which before I conclude this Letter, it will not be amiſs to ſhew how they have illuſtrated in their own poetical Works; for Example, when they recommend the Neglect of Grammar, how cloſely do they ſtick to their own Precepts,

through all Numbers, Moods, Tenſes and Caſes?

Alike their Manners, and alike their Mind.
Dunciad.

For *Minds.*

From Hector's *Hand a ſhining Javelin* fled.
Iliad. 13.

For *Flew*, through neceſſity of Rhime.

O thou for ever preſent in my Way,
Who all my Motions, all my Toils ſurvey.
Iliad. 10.

For *ſurvey'ſt*, Rhime ſtill.

—— *My Soul is ſore*
Of *freſh Affronts*— Odyſſ. 3.

How vaſt the Difference of *the Gods and thee!*

—--*If* Jove *this Arm* ſucceed. Odyſſ. 21.
How would the Gods my righteous Toils
ſucceed. Odyſſ. 14.

A Verb uſed in the active Senſe, which is meerly Neuter. But the Inſtances of this Kind are ſo numerous in the Writings of our Authors, that to tranſcribe them all, would ſwell this Letter to a Volume: Some Examples of this

Kind

Kind will appear under other Heads; there being a great many Beauties in their Works, which will ſingly ſerve to illuſtrate more Rules than one, yet can be put down but in one Place; as I have known a Member of Parliament choſen at once, to repreſent three or four ſeveral Boroughs, yet obliged at laſt to make his Election, which he will ſit for.

The next Care, recommended, is the Choice of low Words, and the ſober Arrangement of them, and a happy Facility of making Proſe in Rhime, is allowed to be the chief Ornament of the *Bathos*. Let us ſee how our Bards excel.

Light is the Dance, and doubly ſweet the Lays,
When for the dear Delight, another pays.
Odyſſ. 1.

A Prize as ſmall, O Tyrant, match'd with thine,
As thy own Actions if compar'd to mine.
Iliad. 1.

Mean time inſtructed is the female Tribe
Your Couch to faſhion, as your ſelf preſcribe.
Odyſſ. 19.

Sometimes, ſay our Authors, *a ſingle Word will familiarize a poetical Idea*, and the whole Spirit of the *Bathos* ſhall be owing *to one choice Word that ends the Line.* For Example,

And dwells ſuch Rage in ſofteſt Boſoms ----then?
Rape of the Lock.

You have already ſeen one or more low Words do great Service in other Parts of the Verſe; I will not repeat them here, but give you an Inſtance of the *Technical* Style, which is capable of being of ſuch great Uſe to the *Bathos*.

Rejoinder *to the Churl, the King diſdain'd.*
Odyſſ. 20.

Here's a Word, that one would expect no Body capable of uſing, but an Attorney's Clerk; but obſerve with what wonderful Grace 'tis introduced into modern Poetry.

Thus, Sir, I have finiſh'd one Part of my Task; whether to your Liking or not, Time will ſhew. In my next, I ſhall perform the other Part of my Promiſe. I am, in the mean Time,

Your's, &c.

LET-

LETTER II.

SIR,

I Am now to fulfil my Promiſe, by giving you Examples of the *Profund*, according to the principal *Figures*, which are the great Support and Ornament of the *Bathos*. Without more Preface, I proceed to divide the Figures as our Authors have done, into three Kinds;

1. The Variegating, Confuſing or Reverſing.
2. The Magnifying.
3. The diminiſhing Figures.

And, firſt, of the Variegating, *&c.* Figures: Which are in all, Seven, *viz.* the *Catachreſis*, the *Metonymy*, the *Synecdoche*, the *Apoſiopeſis*, the *Metaphor*, the *Jargon*, the *Antitheſis*, or, *See-ſaw*. Of theſe, *none ſo much conduces to the Abuſe of Speech* (ſay our Authors) *as the*

CATA-

CATACHRESIS.

Illuſtrated in the *Treatiſe* with ſeveral ridiculous coin'd Inſtances, which import, that this Figure is form'd by ſtretching of Metaphors to ſuch a Degree, that they are ready to crack; as in the following Inſtance;

The whiſtling Winds already wak'd *the Sky.*
Odyſſ. 3.

But this is inferior to the following; the Poet telling us the Price of a Captive, ſays, ſhe was,

For twenty Beeves, by great Laërtes *won.*
Odyſſ. 1.

Not *Bought*; for that had been common Senſe, and out of the way of the *Profund.*

And Pleurons *chalky Cliffs*, emblaze *the Skies.*
Iliad. 13.

This is not unlike the famous Modern, who *illuminates the Sun, and ſets the Stars on Fire.*

The *METONYMY.*

Conſiſts of *The Inverſion of Cauſes for Effects, of Inventors for Inventions*, of the Agent for the Patient, *& è contra.* For Example.

He from thick Films, ſhall purge the viſual Ray.
Pope's Paſt.

The

The Poet here intends the Pupil of the Eye, which of itſelf is very far from being a *Ray*, though it is the *viſual* Organ; yet it has ſuch a relation to Rays by its Office, that you ſee it can forego its Place in a Verſe, in favour of them, and at a Time when its Company was, perhaps, neceſſary to make up a little Senſe: For though a Ray, may, for ought I know, be *purg'd from thick Films*, &c. yet ſure it can't be a *viſual* Ray; by *Viſual*, is underſtood a Power or Capacity of Viſion; but I never heard of a *Ray* that was more than *viſible*, *i. e.* capable of being ſeen. Milton

But this Confuſion of the Active and Paſſive, is a favourite Figure of our Poet; he has it in more than one Place, beſides the fore-cited.

——— *The viſionary Fair*
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs *mix'd with common Air.*
Odyſſ. 4.

Would not one think that this Lady was *blind*, though the Author means no more than that ſhe was *inviſible*?

But unapparent *as a* viewleſs *Shade*,
Eſcap'd Telemachus. Odyſſ. 16.

Viewleſs is certainly no more nor leſs than *Sightleſs*. What an admirable Compariſon then, is a *ſightleſs Shade*, to illuſtrate a Thing that was unapparent! But this by the Way. The Fre-

Frequency of this Author's miſtaking *Viewleſs*, which means *ſightleſs* or *blind*, for *inviſible* or *unſeen*, puts one in mind of *Teague*'s Blunder in the *Committee*, who was of Opinion, that to *give* or *take Counſel*, was all the ſame Thing.

But to proceed, the Inverſion of Cauſes and Effects, is well enough hit off in the following Example from the ſame Author.

But leſt Death *my Love ſhould thwart,*
And bring thee to the fatal Cart.

Beggars Opera.

A plain Man would have thought and ſaid, that the *Cart* brought the Criminal to *Death*, not *Death* to the *Cart*, as the Sprightlineſs of this Author's Imagination ſuggeſted to him.

The *SYNECDOCHE.*

Is formed by uſing the Part for the Whole, as the Wheel for the Cart; thus,

They went, and kept, the Wheels *ſmooth beaten Road,*
Which to the City drew *the Mountain Wood.*

Odyſſ. 10.

And again,

All Night we watch'd, till with her orient Wheels
Aurora *flam'd above the eaſtern Hills.* Odyſſ. 16.

Tho'

Tho' by the Way, *Aurora*'s flaming with her Wheels, was a very extraordinary Sight.

The *APOSIOPESIS.*

An excellent Figure (according to our Authors) *for the Ignorant, as,* WHAT SHALL I SAY? *when one has nothing to ſay: Or,* I CAN NO MORE, *when one really can no more: Expreſſions which the gentle Reader is ſo good as never to take in Earneſt.* Though I think, this Figure contributes little to the *Profund*, or its contrary, yet I find one of our Authors uſing it frequently.

I can no more, *with Grief and Love oppreſt*, &c.
Eloiſa to Abel.

And a Hundred other ſimilar Paſſages, equally flowing and unmeaning.

The *METAPHOR.*

The chief Rule (ſay our Authors) *is to draw it from the loweſt Things, which is a certain Way to ſink the higheſt*; but it is ſtill better, if you can uſe it ſo as inſtead of lowering the Idea, to preſent none at all, or at leaſt a very confuſed one; as thus,

With Thracian *Wines* recruit *thy honour'd Gueſts.*
Iliad. 19.

Who can tell here whether the Poet means to inliſt Soldiers, or treat Friends?

The Waſte of Nature *let the Feaſt repair.*
Odyſſ. 14.

Quere, Which is this, the Loſs that Nature has ſuffer'd, or the Miſchief ſhe has done?

We'll paſs by our Authors other Obſervations upon this Figure, and proceed to

The *JARGON.*

Or, in plainer Words, downright Nonſenſe, which is no ſmall Part of the *Profund*, and of which great Plenty is to be found in their Writings.

Nor ſhall Vaneſſa *be the* Theme
To manage *thy* abortive *Scheme.*
Cad. and Vaneſſ.

A *Theme* is a very odd Inſtrument to manage a Scheme with; as an *abortive Scheme* is in a very bad Condition to be managed.

Quere, What kind of Themes are the fitteſt for managing of Schemes, and whether the beſt

beſt won't come too late to manage a Scheme that is already abortive?

Prone *down the rocky* Steep *he ruſh'd* along.
Iliad. 13.

Quere, if *along* does not always mean horizontally? If it does, how can a Man ruſh *down* and *along* at the ſame time?

——*She pluck'd in Heaven's high Bow'rs*
A Sprig *of Amaranthine* Flow'rs.
Cad. and Vaneſſ.

A *Sprig* of a Flower is new and uncommon, People generally pluck the whole Flower; but if a ſingle Sprig would ſerve, yet ſure it could not be pluck'd from more than one Flower; *a Sprig of Flowers* is prodigious.

And Pine *and Penury a meagre Train.*
Odyſſ. 15.

Quere, What is the meaning of the Word *Pine* in this Place?

But behold here, a Line that never was, nor is, nor ever ſhall be match'd for Profundity.

His Men unpractis'd in the Fights of Stand.
Iliad. 9.

And if any thing deſerves to follow this Example, it muſt be the enſuing;

The ſecond Victor claims a Mare unbroke,
Big with a Mule, *unknowing of the* Yoke.
Iliad. 23.

That is, a young *Mare*, pregnant with a *Mule*, which *Mule* was never yet harneſs'd.

The *ANTITHESIS* or *See-Saw.*

Whereby Contraries and Oppoſitions (ſay our Authors) *are ballanced in ſuch a Way, as to cauſe a Reader to remain ſuſpended between them, to his exceeding Delight and Recreation.* I have no great Opinion of the Uſe of this Figure to the *Profund*, and therefore ſhall preſent you with only one Inſtance of it; but, as the Fable ſays, *That one is a Lyon.*

—*Though all Things differ, all agree.*
Windſor Foreſt.

Beſides the Seven before mentioned, *we may rank under the Article of Confuſing*, a Figure call'd,

The *Compound* or *Mixture* of *Figures.*

Which (according to our Authors) *raiſes ſo many Images, as to give you no Image at all.*

But

But its principal Beauty is, when it gives an Idea juſt oppoſite to what it ſeem'd meant to deſcribe. Thus an ingenious Artiſt painting the Spring, *talks of a* Snow *of Bloſſoms, and thereby raiſes an unexpected Picture of Winter. Of this ſort are the following;*

Swift as a Flood of Fire, *when Storms ariſe,*
Floats *the wide Field, and* blazes *to the Skies.*
Iliad. 2.

What a noble Confuſion is here? Firſt it's a *Flood*, then it's a *Fire*, ~~thirdly~~ therefore firſt, it *floats*, and, then, laſtly, it *blazes*.

Behold another in almoſt the ſame Terms.

——The Winds with riſing Flames conſpire
To whelm ſome City under Waves *of* Fire.
Iliad. 17.

I dare appeal to the meaneſt Capacity in Behalf of the Profundity of this laſt; ſurely the *Snow of Bloſſoms* are rather inferior to the *Waves of Fire.*

Buoy'd *by ſome inward Force, he ſeems to* Swim,
And feels a Pinion *lifting every Limb.*
Iliad. 19. and repeated 23d.

This is very extraordinary, *ſwimming* and *flying* at the ſame time; 'tis what even no flying Fiſh ever performed before.

2. Of

2. Of the *Magnifying Figures.*

The chief Figure of this Sort is,

The *Hyperbole* or *Impoſſible.*

For Inſtance, of the Depth of a Cave.

Not the fierce Arrow from the twanging Bow
Sent with full Force could reach the Depth below.
Od. 12.

Which is only to be equall'd by a School-boy's Deſcription of a Well that I have heard, "Adad (ſays he) it's ſo deep, that I don't be-"lieve I could fling a Stone all the Way to the "Bottom."

Another Figure is,

The *Periphraſis* or *Circumbendibus*;

As it is called by the Moderns; of which I have given ſome Examples under the Article of the *Cumbrous* Style, and will here preſent you with another, which may equally ſerve under both Titles: Obſerve with what a round-about Statelineſs the Poet deſires his Muſe to *begin.*

But fix, O Muſe, the Barrier *of thy Song.*
Pope's Stat.

3. Of

3. Of the *diminiſhing Figures.*

And, firſt, of the *Anticlimax.*
Where the ſecond Line (as our Authors define it) *drops quite ſhort of the firſt, than which nothing creates greater Surprize.* As thus;

Reſplendent *as the Blaze of Summer Noon,*
Or the pale Radiance *of the* Midnight Moon.
Odyſſ. 4.

What a falling-off was there? as *Hamlet* ſays. But if *pale Radiance* ſhould happen to mean *pale Brightneſs*, would it not be ſtill more *Profund?* then it would be truly as *Milton* expreſſes it,

— *No Light, but rather Darkneſs viſible.*

Concerning the following Inſtance, ſome Diſpute may ariſe.

For this with Falſhood is my Honour ſtain'd?
Is Heav'n offended, and a Prieſt prophan'd?
Iliad. 1.

Perhaps the laſt Hemiſtick won't be conſider'd as *Anticlimax* by ſome Readers, I believe there are ſome Writers who would never ſtick at it.

The

The *Inanity* or *Nothingneſs*,

Is ſo near akin to the *pert Style*, that I muſt refer you to that for Examples of it. I ſhall here cite but one Inſtance of it, which is particular by the Poet's endeavouring to inlarge his Meaning, till he quite loſes it, like a Circle on the Water, the more it ſpreads, the leſs it appears.

Such juſt Examples on Offenders ſhown
Sedition Silence, *and aſſert the Throne.*
Iliad. 2.

Can any Man alive poſitively ſay, which is the Verb, and which the Noun, *Silence* or *Sedition?* is *Silence* ×*ſeditioned*, or *Sedition ſilenced?*

Is there ſuch a Verb?

The *Macrology* and *Pleonaſm*,

Say our Authors, *are as generally coupled as a lean Rabbet with a fat one; nor is it a Wonder, the Superfluity of Words, and Vacuity of Senſe, being juſt the ſame thing.* Take juſt a Sample;

New to the Plow, *unpractis'd in the* Trace.
Odyſſ. 4.
Of ſuch a Hero, *and of ſuch a Friend.*
Odyſſ. 3.

They

They wept *abundant, and they* wept *aloud.*
Odyſſ. 6.

I do not know whether the two following deſerve a Place here. I am ſure they have Excellencies in their way.

Wiſe to reſolve, and patient *to perform.* Od. 4.

A common Man would have ſaid *active* to perform.

They bore as Heroes, *but they felt as* Man.
Iliad. 24.

Men, Grammar would direct; but that noble Fondneſs for Rhime is infinitely productive of the *Profund.*

The *TAUTOLOGY,*

Which I mention'd in my firſt Letter: I have nothing to add but one Inſtance; but that is one which ſhould not be overlook'd.

Where now *are all your high Reſolves*——at laſt?
Iliad. 2.

I ſhould never have done, were I to expatiate upon the Beauty of thoſe two Monoſyllables at the end of the Line, ſo conciſe, ſo elegant, ſo expreſſive.——But, *I can no more.*

Thus, Sir, I have given you the few Inſtances of the *Profund*, which have occurr'd to me in the poetical Writings of our ingenious Authors; ſuch, I mean, as I could collect from a curſory reading of them, tho' I have reaſon to think, from ſeveral dubious Paſſages which I have omitted, that they are not half ſo many as would appear to one who ſet about this Task with more Judgment and Penetration.

However, I think what I ſend you, if we conſider the Succeſs of them are ſufficient to make good what our Authors aſſert in the *Art of Sinking*, that *the preſent Age is not debauch'd with any high Reliſh of Poetry.*

By this it will appear to you, that our Authors do ſtrictly preſerve what the Criticks call a *Unity* of Character; their Diſcourſes and Behaviour agree; they write Receipts for being profund, and furniſh us with Inſtances to prove the Truth of their own Rules.

So graver Precepts *may ſucceſsleſs prove,*
But ſad Examples *never fail to move.*

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

FINIS.